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VOL. 1. MILLERTON, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 21, 1870. NO. 22.

PUBLISHED ON WEDNESDAY MORNINGS
PETERS & CO.
TERMS:
ONE YEAR (in Advance) \$5.00
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THREE MONTHS " " 1.50
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JOB WORK.
We would respectfully inform our friends and others who may require printing of any kind that we are prepared to execute orders in a style unsurpassed by any office in the State, and at reduced rates.

DIRECTORY.
COUNTY OFFICERS:
Hon. A. C. Bradford, District Judge
Hon. G. M. Bailey, County Judge
Sam'l B. Allison, District Attorney
James N. Walker, Sheriff & Tax Collector
Harry Dixon, County Clerk, Clerk of the Probate, County and District Courts, of the Board of Supervisors, Equalization and Canvassing, Recorder and Auditor.
William W. Hill, Treasurer
Thomas W. Simpson, Assessor
John C. Walker, Surveyor
Spencer H. Hill, Supt. Pub. Schools

TERMS OF COURTS:
District Court, Hon. A. C. Bradford, Judge: Third Mondays in January, May and the Second Monday in October.
County Court, Hon. G. M. Bailey, Judge: First Mondays in January, March, May, July, September and November.

Probate Court, Hon. G. M. Bailey, Judge:—Opened immediately upon the adjournment of the County Court, at each term.

SUPERVISORS:
Board of Supervisors meet: First Mondays in February, May, August and November.
Board of Equalization meet: Second Monday in August and first Monday in November.

Members of the Board: John G. Simpson, Chairman; John Burton and H. C. Daulton.

NOTARIES PUBLIC:
E. A. Morse, New Idria Mines
O. H. Bliss, Kettle River
C. G. Sayle, Centerville

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS:
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE:
Township No. 1, A. F. Gove
Township No. 2, W. T. Rumble, Millerton
Township No. 3, Wm. Doan, Clark's Valley
Township No. 4, B. S. Booker, Centerville

ROAD MASTERS:
District No. 1, Alkamah Bound
District No. 2, George Green
District No. 3, Wm. J. Lawrence
District No. 4, Joseph Kucad
District No. 5, Wm. Stephenson
District No. 6, Oliver Chalkers
District No. 7, Henry Morris
District No. 8, Wm. Neely Thompson
District No. 9, Joseph Borden, Jr.
District No. 10, E. S. Keith

WHEELER & WILSON.
THE GREAT TRIAL OF SEWING MACHINES.

THE GRANDEST IN THE WORLD.
The Judges, the whole world; and the trial fifteen years duration.

PRACTICAL USE THE TEST!

THE UNIVERSAL VERDICT:
"THE WHEELER and WILSON SEWING MACHINE THE CHAMPION!"

AS A NO-BODY PRESENT NOTHING WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE THAN ONE OF THESE MACHINES

THESE UNEQUALLED MACHINES DO ALL the different work required to be done in a family, and make all the different kinds of Stitches without the complication of other machines. All persons will please examine the Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines before purchasing any other.

The Wheeler & Wilson as is well known, has won at nearly every trial in which it has competed the highest award of merit. The representatives of other machines, ever confident, have entered the time and again, only to be defeated; and finding it impossible to compete fairly, have endeavored to decry the value of premiums. They are not slow, however, to boast of a few they have received. But in the grand trial, daily as throughout the world, where only true merit finds favor, and superiority wins the race, the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine stands triumphantly the Champion by the verdict of the people.

THESE MACHINES ARE ADAPTED TO EVERY VARIETY OF SEWING!

From the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. They work equally well upon Silk, Linen, Woolen or Cotton goods, with Silk, Linen or Cotton thread; Seaming, Quilting, Gathering, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Embroidering and making Button Holes, with the greatest facility.

If it is inconvenient for the purchaser to visit the showroom, the order may be forwarded to the office, and it will be faithfully filled as if the selection had been made personally.

Full instructions, recently compiled, and giving information upon every point in detail, accompany each machine, and enable the most inexperienced to operate without difficulty.

Our interest in the successful working of Machines is not second to that of the purchaser, and we esteem it a privilege to aid by correspondence or otherwise, any person requiring it.

W. M. STODARD,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
Montgomery, corner Sacramento street, San Francisco.

O. H. BLISS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
POSTMASTER, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
AND WELLS, FARGO & CO'S AGENT,
KINGSTON FERRY, CAL.

Mr. Bliss has a fine and commodious
LIVERY STABLE.
For the accommodation of travelers.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lying out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
"Tis to God that she is paying—
Praying Him her soul to keep."

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake,"
—Tiny fingers clasped so faintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, or e'er it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition
Rising to the throne divine.

While the muffled bells were ringing,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
My feet on faith depending—
Faith, and love, and perfect trust—

Would approach Him, humbly praying
(All the little ones around),
"Jesus, Savior, take thy servant;
Give to her thy children's crown!"
—Putnam's Magazine.

A FLOATING REMINISCENCE.

"Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, which bloated ease may never hope to share."

"It's an old doe," said Max, "and she's got little ones somewhere; we'll hear the wrong music this night."

It is an easy thing to call up the stalwart form of Max Tredo in the old faded red shirt that I have followed many a mile through bush and brake, over mountain and bog, tracking with ease the blindest trail, dodging in and out among the trees and undergrowth, till, foot sore and weary, no other object had any interest for me until the pack was thrown down and camp announced.

Max had been in his day hunter, lumberman, and canner—to use his own expression. When in a tight place he did not hesitate to "everlastingly caw" his adversary; yet, as his fingers pressed the under which yielded the tell-tale milk, there was a shade of feeling on his weather-beaten face that affected me strangely and uncomfortably.

Max and I had been camping for two or three days on the lower Borcas pond, and though by no means my first trip to the Adirondack wilderness, this was my first experience in "floating" for deer.

We pushed our bat out on the lake just as the darker shades of a moonless nightfall were merging earth and air and water into universal gloom. Those who float for deer love darkness, not because their deeds are evil, but because it is necessary to their success.

I was seated in the bow charged with the important duty of holding the jack, which, at a whispered signal, was to be lighted quickly and then turned straight forward.

The 'jack' is simply a stick about five feet long, on which is stuck a piece of candle, partly surrounded by tin, which serves as a reflector and dark lantern. When properly held the jack sheds a long flood of light ahead, leaving all behind invisible; the deer's attention is riveted upon this strange apparition, which answers a double purpose, detaining and exposing him.

It was arranged that Max should paddle and shoot, and he, therefore, was seated in the stern, with his trusty Ballard in easy reach.

Noisless as phantoms we glide, our boat apparently moving by some innate force.

"* * * * * 'prowling around in midnight shades, and wakened to destroy.'"

No sound from that dextrously worked paddle betrays its use, and no word is spoken that may break the spell. How eagerly my ear is strained to catch the expected sound from the lily pads; how tightly I clutch my jack; how many times I place and replace my matches for instant use; how vainly my eyes endeavor to pierce the surrounding darkness! A foot or two from the bow the water can be distinguished, but beyond—all is black, black, black. Max seems to know his way by some sort of intuition; for, although we seem scarcely to move, at intervals a blacker blackness looms up ahead, and then our prow turns slowly—and so time passes.

Very different by day is this crystal gem, in its emerald setting, as we have seen it, hour after hour, from boat and from shore. The great bold mountains, lowering all around, seem to hustle and crowd each other as if to get a sight of this forest beauty in her calm repose.

There is a weird interest in these impenetrable shades, however, and a charm in the stillness of this summer night that contrasts with the glorious forms and tints of day, and the mind gradually yields to a sort of dreamy resignation which, were all the circumstances favorable, might soon glide into the oblivion of sleep.

An hour is gone—another—and another.

The interest flags. For some it has been impressed upon my inner consciousness that board seats do not become softer or more accommodating by continued sitting. Our boat is one of the crankiest of all cranky craft, and, to trim ship, we must sit bolt upright; all movements must be made with a proper consideration of the line of keel, which will certainly be uppermost in the water, if not in our thoughts, and, in such a case, it is easier for some to get to the bottom of the pond than on the bottom of the skiff. I am beginning to think of the bed of fresh boughs that I cut to-day and the comforts of a good stretch—I guess I'll give it up and ask Max to put in shore. Not yet! That noise was different from those you heard so often a couple of hours ago. The boat, leaping to a stronger stroke, confirms the welcome truth simultaneously with that low ps—s—from the hitherto silent and impassive form astern. Hark! there it is again! And now! and now! We are fairly flying through the water! Glad relief to this suppressed but intense excitement is the hoarsely-whispered command, "light up!"

But my whetstone, so carefully exposed to the damp night air to be ready for use promptly, unaccountably refuses to ignite—match after match (splash! splash! splash!). "Rub it on your breeches!" No sooner said than done. In spite of its sputtering protests, the candle, which has also been putting on airs, finds that at last it has met its match, and a broad avenue of light is opened for us. Not one second too soon, for we have hardly time to check our hasty way when we are into the bank. For Max to swear, push off and swear again, is the work of a moment. Then we glide rapidly through a narrow channel where it is very interesting to know that dangerous rocks abound, and where the pines, undermined by the false friend who kisses their feet, lean their scathed ranks like rows of spears at angles convenient to impale either the boat or occupant.

And then commences a series of manœuvres that I do not understand. We go ahead a little, and then back and then ahead again, and so until—Phew—w—w! says the deer, as he sees the light, and, though I can't see him, I know that he is approaching. Still we keep backing and going ahead. Ten minutes elapse, and I begin to fear that the animal knows enough to keep permanently shady—bang! whizz! the ball passes close to my head, and, in an instant, I see the deer springing across the space illumined by the jack. Just as he plunges into the water, Max fires again, and instantly the phrenzied animal turns desperately leaping for our boat.

This is excitement!

Three springs and he is in the air with his feet just above my head—my jack is clubbed instinctively to meet him, but a ringing report, unexpected and startling as the headlong charge of the deer, is accompanied by his fall against, instead of in, the boat. Such quick work at loading and firing a Ballard was something astounding to one whose principal experience in fire-arms had been with a militia musket and "load in ten times." Flustered and excited beyond measure, I grasped the floating carcass and strove to lift it into the boat, for I was terribly afraid that it would sink and so finally escape us. When I had done my best to upset the boat, Max interferred; simply trying the painter around the neck, he gravely observed that as we had been a long time floating for him, it was only fair that he should float a little for us. Then we examined the wounds.

"I saw his nose from behind a bush," says Max, "and here is the shot just in front of his eye and out behind the ear—that set him crazy and so he came right for the light. Here's the second through the groin, and there is the last through the neck—when I fired I pushed him out or we would have had to swim for it."

"Well done, old fellow!" said I. "You have made your point and the game is ours, but he came within an ace of taking my jack."

Well done it was, and nobody could have expected more, but the complacency of the successful shot fades from the face of this genuine north-woodsman as he realizes his misfortune.

"Poor little things," he went on, merrily to himself than to me—"they'll find us out and we'll have them crying around all night; it's music that I don't want to hear, and know it's my doing. It's a bad night's work—to-morrow will be a sad day for them—I wish to God I'd missed her!"

With the carcass in tow, we paddled

slowly back to camp, and though very tired and glad to throw myself on my bed of fragrant boughs, it was long before I could compose myself to sleep and forget the excitement of my first deer hunt.

AN OBSTACUTION.—I never forgot my duties as a husband but once, and then I was tempted mightily strong. I was out in the country taken sun-fresh air, for which the country is so famed—the day wuz butiful, and I felt several years younger than I raly wuz. The birds split their throats to please me, and the clover blossoms shelled out their perfume quite lavish.

Suddenly on a brow of a small hill, I saw a figger of such sewerplative buty that I stopt and mechanically sot myself on the top rale of a fence and gazed on the superb picter. She wuz picken strawberries, and didn't notiss me. My feeble pen kant deskribe one side of her. I fixt my neckti, brusht my hair a leetle, sot my hat sumwhat gallus on the side of my hed, put on a look full of affeckshun, and then koffed slitle to attrakt her notiss. She lookt up and her eyes met mines.

I could scarcely keep my s.at on the rale, I wuz so smeered all over with happi-ness. I flarted mi red handkercheef, and she smiled, and I chuckt a kiss at her, and she kist the tips of her strawberry painted fingers and picht them tords me. Then I did fall off the fence.

I wuz so inflated with bliss that I dropt like a feather, and soon scrambled to mi feet, but, alas, she had gone. I couldn't give it up so, and started on a stiff trot after her. I couldn't help it. I would have follered that gal if I'd hed fifteen wives at hum waiting tew mop the floor with me. But suddenly a large sized man stood in the road and barred mi progress. "No you don't old Skeesick," he sed. Sez I, "look here mi friend, evry man wuz created ekal, indowed with certain insal-able rites, amongst which is life, liberty and the persoot of happiness. That ere girl that lately adorned the brow of that hill is mi happiness, and I'm engaged in her persoot. Git out of mi way, or this secluded patch will be pointed out by fuchar generations as the spot whare a distinguished literary gentleman thrasht a fellow or low extracshun for gittin in mi way."

The grin he gave me is still fotygraft on mi memory. He didn't move, an I squared myself off at him.

It wuz a desperate conflict, but I won't weary the impatient reader with the details, but will simply remark that I didn't foller that gal.

A WESTERN PAPER gives the following in its weekly gossip: "Sunday being a balny day, the styles were brought out. The most richly dressed lady we saw is the wife of a man who has owed this office \$13 for nearly five years. He says he cannot raise the money, and we believe him."

RICH MINE.—Bowers and Gaskill, who have been for the last three yrs operating, at heavy expense, a claim situated on Ohio Flat, Yuba county, near Forbestown, made a claim up on August 18th, says the Appeal, and took out very nearly ten thousand dollars.

ELECTIONS.—The following elections are near at hand: Maine, September 12th; Indiana, October 1st; Florida, October 3d; Mississippi, October 3d. Vermont held her election on the 6th. In the other States elections do not take place until November.

PRUSSIA now has military control of 33,000,000 people, or only about 2,000,000 less than France. With the Germans in Austria added to her standard she would have 7,000,000 more than France.

THIRTY SEVEN men were killed in the Eurka mine, Amador county, since its opening. The last victim was Lawrence G. Cannon.

The withdrawal of British troops from Canada will necessitate an augmentation of the war appropriations of the Dominion to about \$3,000,000 a year.

The Alameda Beet Sugar Factory will be ready for operations by the last of this month.

It is stated on good authority that an extensive cotton factory is to be erected in South San Francisco.

The proposition that Santa Clara county should donate \$150,000 in aid of the Alviso Railroad was defeated by 60 majority.

San Joaquin county tans 18,000 hides per annum.

THE DEPARTED SOUL.—Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we borne? Whither has that spark—that unseen, incomprehensible intelligence—fled? Look upon that cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you. What a shell, a gross, earthly covering, which held the immortal essence which has now left; left to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities, to delight new powers of conception, new glories of beatitude. Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moments between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes all contraction and destroys all error. Great God! What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of nature may be divulged, the immediate unity of the past, forms of an imperishable beauty may then disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss.—Spurgeon.

A PARTY of surveyors were engaged in surveying the State line between North and South Carolina, and chanced to dine at the house of an old lady who expressed herself "downright glad to see them." That she had "allus had a doubt as to which State she lived in, and now she would like to know for sartin." They told her that she was but a short distance from the line, but that she lived in North Carolina. "Well, now, I'm right glad to know that I do live in North Carolina, for I allus hearn tell that South Carolina was a durned sickly hole."

"WHAT A SPECTACLE!"—The Saline (Mo.) County Progress, in reference to the proceedings of the Radical Convention of that county, on Saturday, the 13th, says: "What a spectacle! Fifteen or twenty white men, principally irresponsible characters and non-property holders, together with about one hundred and twenty five ignorant negroes, to meet in public convention and pass resolutions respecting the political liberty of about three thousand white men, the principal property holders of the county."

THE following is the State semi-annual apportionment of common school monies for the half year ending August 1st, 1870: For Mariposa, \$822 97; Fresno, \$791 04; Merced, \$710 70; Stanislaus, \$1,344 15; Tulare, \$1,263 81. The number of children in the State entitled to receive is 112,743; amount per capita, \$1 03; whole amount subject to apportionment, \$116,699 48.

THE Czar is said to be turning the present war to account by consolidating his power in Central Asia. An exchange remarks: "If our Government were to show a similar energy in pushing our claims against Great Britain during the present crisis, its success might be equal to that of Russia." "Our Government," at last accounts, was deeply interested in a croquet game at Long Branch.

A PRINTER not long since, being flung by his sweetheart, went to the printing office and tried to commit suicide with the shooting stick, but the thing would not go off. The devil, wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum, where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so, and the effect was magical. He said the picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

AN Annapolis man had cold feet, and so his gentle wife lit a fire under the bed to warm them. It was a perfect success; he never complained of cold feet again. And now she is married to the agent of the company in which the building was insured.

A STOO of wheat raised at Sierman Island has been on exhibition at the Mercantile Library the last week, where 250 separate stems and heads were shown to have grown from a single seed of the Sonoma Club wheat.

"FATHER, how does the printer live?" "Why, child?" "Because you said that you hadn't paid him for four years, and yet you still take the paper."

MAKES PROGRESS.—The bridge of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad is being constructed across the Stanislaus river, and the work of laying is being pushed forward to the vicinity of Paradise City.

THE RADICAL PARTY.—In a paper on "The Civil and Social Crimes of Mongrelism," in the "Old Guard" for August, the writer does not give a very flattering picture of the origin of the Republican organization. He says:

That party was born of confusion and disintegration. It comes up out of an unnatural combination of the worst elements of Puritanism with the most grotesque and licentious style of infidelity. Its foster-father, therefore, had to be a trinity of hypocrisy, duplicity and falsehood. In the whole history of this party, we behold the spirit of the Puritan and brigand united. In it prayer and murder have gone hand in hand. But it all began in the prayers of the New England Puritans about negroes and slavery, and liberty, of which they never had the slightest conception. The liberty which the Puritan has always made such a noise about, means only his right to bend or break everybody or everything to his will. In Euro e, the Puritan was regicide; but only because the kings would not believe with him on points of faith. In this country he began his career by drowning Baptists and burning Quake s, for a simple non-conformity of faith with his own, and he has ended with the murder of more than a million of men, because they did not entertain his views about wiggers. But to accomplish this object he united with all the social outcast, in the country—with infidels, socialists, free lovers, spiritualists, and every type of intellectual, social and moral renegades. What a superstructure it is, this Radicalism! A grotesque conglomeration of every species of infidelity and licentiousness, resting upon a foundation of the most intense and fiery kind of Puritanism the world ever saw. Springing up out of the Puritan pulpits and prayer meetings of New England, it shook hands with such roaring atheists of the West as Josh. Giddings, old John Brown and Jim Lane, or such scoffing deists as Lincoln, Ben. Wade and Salmon P. Chase. Then it naturally attracted to its bosom all the odds and ends of all the isms which ever afflicted the country with a rest and disorder—as socialism, spiritualism, free-lovelism, and every sort of diabolism of which the imagination can conceive. All these restless spirits, animated with the hot breath of Puritanism, came together, in one fold and gave birth to the Radical party.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ROAD.—It appears, says the Stockton Republican, that the com any has decided to push the San Joaquin Valley road forward as rapidly as possible. Twenty-five car loads of material went up to the Stanislaus river night before last, and besides the large number already on the ground, parties of men with their camp equipage are arriving daily. Superintendent Stroblinger is in charge of the work, and everything is moving rapidly along. It is intended to throw a temporary bridge across the Stanislaus river and push ahead the track laying. Two pile drivers are now at work driving piles for the bridge. The people up the valley will soon have a railroad by which Stockton will be seriously damaged but the San Joaquin valley greatly benefited. The road should have started from this city, but it did not, and the only way we can save ourselves and compel, not only this road, but all others in the valley to come here, is to build the Stockton ship canal.

How is it?—The Nevada Transcript remarks as follows:

Deputy Sheriff McBrown, who has just returned from San Quentin, informs us that among nearly 800 convicts in that institution, there is only one white woman. The question arises: Are women 800 times better than men, or do men overlook 800 crimes in the gentler sex to one crime committed by their own sex? As men are all supposed to be partial to the fair sex, and the latter partial to men, it is impossible for an impartial decision of such a question to be obtained.

THE CALIFORNIA SILK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—A large three-story building, 75 by 200 feet, for the use of this company, is now being erected in San Francisco. Messrs. Dunshoe, Ellis & Co. have the contract. A very handsome cut of the factory that is to be has been laid before us. Operations will be commenced within ninety days. The office of the company is at 125 Sansome street.—Chronicle.

You may wish to get a wife without a falling; but what if the lady, after you find her, should happen to be in want of a husband of the same character?

The Fresno Express

COUNTY OFFICIAL PRESS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1870.

MINUTES OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

MILLERTON, Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1870.
The Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Sup'r; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Sup'r. On motion of Sup'r Daulton Sup'r Barton was elected Chairman pro tem.

On the petition of J. P. H. Smith for Perry License, it is ordered: That license be kept and run a ferry across King's River at a point known as Smith's Ferry, be, and is hereby granted to said J. P. H. Smith, for the term of five years, upon his filing a bond with two or more sufficient sureties, in the sum of \$3,000, conditioned and approved according to law, and that license do issue on the payment of \$26. License Tax; and that license do issue annually hereafter upon his payment of such License Tax as this Board may by order fix.

On petition of J. A. Pickens et al, it is ordered: That the alteration of the road from Landrum's Ferry to North Boundary as specified in the report, placed on file, notes of surveyor and view of the road, be, and is hereby declared the public road to the width of 60 feet; and that the old road, between the points of beginning and ending of said alteration, be, and is hereby vacated.

On the bid of W. G. Sanderson to build bridges: There being no other bid made, after careful examination of experts, that of said Sanderson for \$4150.00, is accepted, to furnish all the material for, and to build all of the four bridges specified in the plan and specifications filed according to an order of this Board, said bridges being across Cole Slough, in the vicinity of Kingston, and to be finished on or before the 15th day of December next; said Sanderson to give Bond in the penal sum of \$2,000, with two or more sufficient sureties, conditioned for the faithful performance of his contract according to this order and the plan and specifications aforesaid.

It is ordered that this Board adjourn until 9 o'clock A. M., the 14th inst.
Attest: JOHN BARTON, Harry Dixon, Clerk. Chairman.

MILLERTON, Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1870.
Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Chairman pro tem; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Chairman.

On report of George Green, Road Master District No. 2, it is ordered: That the error in one of the vouchers for said report being corrected, the same be accepted, and the sum of \$311.36, be credited to the account of said Road Master. The following bills were then allowed paid out of their respective funds to wit:

Geo. Green, 10 days service as Road Master, Dist. No. 2, Road Fund, \$40.00. W. B. Harris, 3 days services as juror and 32 miles mileage, General Fund, \$17.00. Jos. Burns, 3 days services as juror, and 25 miles mileage, \$15.25. J. R. Edgar, 3 days services as juror, and 25 miles mileage, \$15.25. H. F. Akers, 3 days services as juror, and 27 miles mileage, \$15.75. W. N. Potter, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12.00. John Bird, 3 days services as juror, and 30 miles mileage, \$16.50. H. G. Holman, 3 days services as juror, and 3 miles mileage, \$9.75. J. M. Ault, 3 days services as juror, and 20 miles mileage, \$16.25. A. M. Clark, 3 days services as juror, and 23 miles mileage, \$17.25. J. M. C. Smith, 3 days services as juror, and 15 miles mileage, \$9.75. J. C. Hewitt, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12.00. J. R. Rodgers, 3 days services as juror, and 50 miles mileage, \$21.50. Ed. King, 3 days services as juror, and 35 miles mileage, \$17.75.

E. C. Taber, 3 days service as juror, September Term, County Court, and 30 miles mileage, \$16.50. James Wyatt, 3 days services as juror, and 11 miles mileage, \$11.75. Ira Stroud, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12.00. W. T. Wyatt, 3 days services as juror, and 11 miles mileage, \$11.75. P. W. Krek, 3 days services as juror, and 34 miles mileage, \$17.50. J. Rhodes, 3 days services as juror, and 65 miles mileage, \$25.25. Justin Esrey, 3 days services as juror, and 65 miles mileage, \$25.25. J. R. Barkley, 3 days services as juror, and 20 miles mileage, \$14.00. L. M. Matthews, 3 days services as juror, and 3 miles mileage, \$9.75. R. J. Dege, Record Books and stationery for county, \$406.75. Harry Dixon, services as County Clerk, &c., and cash expended for county, \$49.00. W. L. Dixon, 3 days services, self and 2 horse wagon, and cash expended for county, \$36.60. Wm. Faymonville, 5 days services as Election Clerk, Millerton Precinct, \$15.00. J. J. McCarthy, 1 day's service as Election Judge, Millerton Precinct, \$3.00. J. B. Foisson, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Millerton Precinct, \$3.00. M. W. Matthews, 2 days services as Election Clerk, Dry Creek Precinct, \$9.00. J. A. Jack, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Dry Creek Precinct, \$3.00. J. F. E. Jensen, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Dry Creek Precinct, \$3.00. Rich. Feild, 1 day's services as Election Judge, \$3.00. J. C. Thompson, 1 day's services as Election Judge, \$3.00. R. C. Thorn, 4 days services as Clerk an Inspector, \$12.00. John N. Appleton, 3 days services as Clerk and Judge, \$9.00. C. A. Yancey, 1 day's services as Judge, \$3.00. J. N. Appleton, 21 miles mileage, bringing election returns, \$10.50. J. C. Hewitt, 12 miles mileage, bringing election returns, \$6.00. V. H. Cox, medical services post mortem examination of Bacagalupi, \$50.00.

A circular with proofsheet of chapter on county boundaries by the Commissioners to revise the Statutes, having been addressed to this Board, it is ordered: That in conformity with their request, a protest be sent said Commissioners against the embodiment in their report of the line surveyed under the Act of the 29th of March, 1850, as the boundary between Mariposa and this County; with the recommendation that the boundary between said Counties be left as heretofore; and that the boundary between Merced and this County be recommended in their report to run on Township lines as nearly as may be, and according to the line designated on Map No. 2, hereby ordered sent said Commissioners, which, being drawn up under direction of the Board,

was by them signed accordingly. And it is ordered: That the Clerk of this Board transmit with said protest to said Commissioners a copy of the report of the surveyors who made said survey, and of the Map thereof filed with said report. It is ordered that this Board adjourn until 9 o'clock on the 18th inst.
Attest: JOHN BARTON, Harry Dixon, Clerk. Chm. pro tem.

MILLERTON, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1870.
Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Chairman pro tem; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Sup'r. The following bills were audited and ordered paid out of the General Fund to wit:

John Barton, 4 days services as Sup'r, and 64 miles mileage, \$36.80. H. C. Daulton, 4 days services as Supervisor, and 44 miles mileage, \$32.80.

It is ordered that the Board adjourn for the term.

Attest: JOHN BARTON, Harry Dixon, Clerk. Chm. pro tem.

Certified to be a true abstract from the minutes of said Board.

HARRY DIXON, Clerk.

THE RAILROAD.

The gratifying intelligence has been transmitted to the people of this Valley that a railroad down the San Joaquin Valley is in process of building. The entire force of men formerly employed in constructing the California and Oregon road has been transferred to the San Joaquin Valley Road. The Central Pacific Railroad Company has hold of it, and it is bound to go ahead, as that Company not only possess the energy, but has the means of pushing the road to a successful completion. We never had any faith in the Stockton Company. If it could have got the assistance from the counties, it would have went ahead, but otherwise there is not enough enterprise in Stockton to build a work of the kind. We are sorry for the Stockton people. They will, by the building of this road, lose their main trade; that which has assisted to sustain and build up the city; but they have let the golden moment pass, we fear. We notice our Stockton contemporary, the *Republican*, has great solicitude lest we be charged ten cents per mile for traveling on the road. Certainly we can pay that price, and save money, as compared with the prices charged by the stages, besides making a great saving in time and enjoying great comfort, that we now do not. The benefits of a road down this Valley can scarcely be calculated. It will infuse new life into everything. The thousands of acres of land now uncultivated will be speedily settled up, and the increase in wealth and population will be without parallel. We shall hail the completion of a railroad through this Valley as the dawn of a new era. We notice that T. W. Strobridge, Esq., has taken charge of the building of the road. This fact inspires more confidence in us that the Company means business, than anything else. He conducted the building of the Central Pacific, and has been in charge of the California and Oregon Road, and we have learned from personal observation that he is placed only where there is work to do. His services being too valuable to them to be spent in playing a farce. The road will be built upon the east side of the river, passing about eleven miles below Snelling.

THE WAR NEWS.—King William refuses to treat for peace with the Republic Government of France, but proposes placing Napoleon back upon the throne and concluding a peace with him. He demands territory, as well as an indemnity from France. The Republic is willing to grant him the latter, but not the former. It is now announced that Austria and Russia will not interfere. The people of France are rallying in numbers to the protection of Paris. The Prussian forces are closing in around the city. There are nearly 400,000 men under arms in the city of Paris. It is announced that Canrobert has cut his way out of Metz with 7,000 men, and that Bazaine was following him. If they have got out, it is undoubtedly a plan of the Prussian commanders to surround them with overwhelming forces and compel their capitulation. The siege of Paris will undoubtedly be most bloody, but it appears to us that it must ultimately capitulate. The German forces are greatly superior to the French, they are better armed, and in almost every way have the advantage. It is stated that a large number of volunteers and a quantity of arms have arrived in France from the United States. The blockade of the German ports by the French fleet has been raised. Metz still holds out, also Strasbourg. At the latter place the third parallel around the city has been completed by the Prussians, who are now engaged pumping the water from the moats that surround the city. Rome has been occupied by the Italian troops.

The Building and Loan Savings Bank, of San Francisco, of which Thomas Mooney was President, has failed. The liabilities are said to reach \$200,000, with nominal assets. The loss will fall principally upon the laborers and mechanics, and will consequently be painfully felt.

The Supreme Court has refused, very properly, to release Walsh, charged with the killing of Atwell, at Snelling, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*.

THE INJUN MUSS.

KOKERNALL CRICK, September 1.

Placin me in front we agin tuk up the crick, hevin orders that the first Injun we seed to pull our pipes and go to smoakin rite in his face. We mooved on mity lonesum-like fur a while, seein 'number-sum tracks pintin forwards, till we soon cam in hearin uv a Injun camp, and nuthin seemed to bother our goin into it cept the thousan an win, poor, mangy, razor-back dogs, that broak out thru the chapel arer us. I stuck clus tu Nautapee's side, while Robert kivered every inch ov Chowchitty's shadder, and arter sum judishus maneuverin, in hasty movements round the manzaneter brush, we held a mity ticklish leese on our preshus flesh, till the ole muckchaws rustled to our reskew, when a few earnest, gutteral "hiekee-woos" frum ther huskey throtes brot the whole pack by degreze tu a lo unforgivin growl. Mr. Editor, did you ever think ov what the word dog ment? Well, jest go wunce to an Injun camp and you will see it depicted in the dog's looks better nor enny dictionary laruin could give it—big heads, skowlin ves, snarin mouths, fox yered, crap-yered, and lop-yered; short-tailed, bob tailed and long-tailed; dirty-white, sutery-black, Spanish brown, lead culleded, and the same culler agin with black spots in it; bridlie and yaller, long haired poodles, short haired, bench legged flees, with thur tails curled up so tite that their hind legs will hardly tetch ground; the bigger the dog the poorer he is, and the bigger his head; so that for him to pursue his left, the most of them hev tu undergo the paneful dewty ov keepin ther heads upon a line with the pints ov ther tails, when raised, jest to keep ther hind parts frum flyin up. This wun reson Robert sez why he cud track up things so well; as he allers felt so sorry for the poor dogs he cud not bare the thot ov workin them so much to ther discomfort. Well, I hev kinder got o'f'n the track—but dogs ar grate institushuns and must hev ther day, tew. We soon got over the dog skeer and maved up boldly into the hart of the camp. The Injuns looked mity bewildered at us. Chowchitty soon found the lay ov things and led us strate tu the headquarters ov the big captains whur thur all sittin round in a ring on the ground. They gin a kinder unwholesome dont-keer look and mo-huned us tu set down. Chowchitty sot betwixt Robert and me kase he was ter du the talkin far as till we war better acquainted. Robert hed them all tu take a soshal puff round outen his puttist fether stem pipe. At the same time we war watchin the lay ov things around. We cud see that their big kamps reched far over the hill and a long ways up Rock Crick, and out in front ov every onchum the bows war a hangin already strung, and ther fox-skin quivurs war chuck full ov fresh barbed arrers; and smart squads of bucks war seen a goin and cumin awl the time, and the ole witches war mopin about with ther kungurin stix under ther arms, and medisin bags strung round in the belts.

We put it up that a development war nigh at hand. And there war no time tu spare in cummin at the object of our misshun. And Robert mounted a rock and begun makin them a peaceable talk. The captains all rolled up ther eyes, scowled at wun another and mo-huned him to set down. This tuck Robert off terribly and he looked like he war sent far and wurn't needed when he got there. Than he changed his tactix, and put Chowchitty to pumpin them tu find out what war up. And it turned out in the kumpleter undoin ov all our suspishuns kalkerlashuns. Arter all, what was it? A Injun witch rumpus! The witches hed it that an ole witch that di le last summer, who was a terror to all the tribes, hed cut tu life agen, and hed turned into the biggest kind ov a Kaliforny lyon, and that it cud just snort over an Injun's grave and bring the ded tu life, and then wad eat them up in a seckond, and that when this moon was out he wad commence on the live wuns. And now they hed collected ther witches and 'raivs tu give this govt ov monster a desparate chaise.

"Well, Robert," sez I, "let's slip back the nighest cut home and let nobuddy no ov any sich fullishness." With shadders ov disappointment getherin in his face; sez he: "Wilyan, tru the things hev taken a different turn frum our kalkerlashuns; but let me tell you, as shure as you live, there is sum heft in this yet; the witch part ov this may not be so, but I du beleav the lyon part ov it. You kuo that theze big lyons du sum times cum down out'n the mountains, and ar an ortul savagerus varmint, and hev bin knone tu eat folks, sue enaff, And this wun bein run and hampered in by the Injuns, will make it more bluddy minded, and we must jine in and stop his kareer before eny divilment brakes out. And so I want you tu talk Nautapee and go back home this nite, and git the guns and dogs, and bring me sum civil wearin cloze, and me and Chowchitty will go and stop at the ole Arnal Doby tu nite; and you meet me thar sue in the morning, and then we can go into the hunt in gude trim.

And so Nautapee and I struck out on a bee line, in post hest, and about the middle ov the aternun we cum upon Pete Seritchly and Jake Sously, at Simpson's ole catel kampf, who war out huntin sum range, tu sell to sum sheep man, that wurn't kivered with an Injun grant. They sez that they didn't care a dried apple be durned fur Injuns. I told them what we hed dun, and what was now up. Sez they, durn the lyons, they axed them no more odds than Injuns, "and are you. Bill, goin to make yourself a fule eny longer. Go home and keep mum; Bob is allers smellin round for sensaluns; and by gummy, now is a good time to fit wun on him." I hed told them that Bob wud come to the ole doby fur the nite. These fellows war full ov lun and antix. They made me knoe in a ruze they war goin to play on Robert that nite. They tole me and Nautapee to go on and stay at Bob's and say nuthing more about lyons. They put out rite strait down to Steve Reed's lower place and got such tools as they needed and made an ole Arkansas tuteish mashine, what they kall a "Dumb Bull," and as it may be a nidea tu moast folks we will jest tell what it is. It is made out'n alder wude, or we made them back in the States out'n holler sassafras. Take a cut ov about 10 fute long and a half a fute thur, and then boar it out down to a thin shel, and then stretch a raw hide over wun end, like the hed ov a kittle muster drum, then run a delicate raw hide whang threw the senter ov the hed, and put it tite up agin a not on the other end ov the whang and let the tuther end hang thru the inside, and then pull on this string with wun hand, till it ticens up like a banger string, then gin it a hard thump in the inside, which makes the musick cum. It betes painter scremin, bare growlin and lyon roarin, all put into wun throat. With sich a trick rigged tu ther noshun, Pete and Jake tuk ther stand on a pile ov high rocks that overlooked the ole doby. About dusk Robert and Chowchitty arrived at the house. They gin sines ov bein mityly warried, but stepped out down to the crick an pulled sum sope rate, and Robert hed Chowchitty to wash the paint off ov him and went back, dressed a jack rabbit what they hed taken on the way, briled it on the coles and eat it up with a cummin stumake, and then went in and barred the doors up, made up a lireard not fire and tried to sleep. Robert's mine war on the lyon. As tired as he was he wud sot down wun minit and then the next wud be pacin the durt fure backwards and forards, and then listenin and luekin thru the crax. He finerly lade down and tride to sleep, but his partner's lowd snorin, played on his quiverin nerves, so he cudn't even get into a ketch-nap. About now Jake and Pete konkluded they woud terna ther dumb bull in. They went over in the fur side ov the hill in the lower end ov Steve Reed's flat, and then let her off wun thump. Robert hed it almost afore the sound left its mouth; they cum on up to the top ov the hill agin and another hevny thump. They cum on down the ravine, as thay cum; by this time poor Rabart and Chowchitty war both runnin round, jumblin agin one another, like tarkeys in a pen. Robert cud be heard sayin: "Lord hev mercy! that it is! that it is! It's cummin! It's cummin! Don't you hear its claws crashing the bushes down, and its hungry teeth a nashin!" While Chowchitty would ketch his breath at brokin inturvals and whine out, "Hie-kee woo-grande etc. etc. etc. bamos, Bob. bamos." The fun war runnin high with Pete and Jake, and as they cum nearer and nerer, they raised it louder and louder. Amid the din frum the inside, Chowchitty's jargon was heard agin: "Bamos! bamos, Bobee; mis-dios, bam-s!" One more low howl and then a big roar—the fastenins let loose frum the inside and the tew cum a tumblin over wun another thru the openin, and rise as thay run, and went a galapin over rocks, thru manzaneter thickets, twistin chapel, till the roarin fell fur behind ther herin in a little or no time; but that gin um no let up; still they burnt the wind and didn't stop under a four mile heat, which wud bring em home. I hed stopped at Robert's fur the nite arter slipin off my Injun clothing for my own, and hed put the best culled I cu to the situashun. We barred up the doors and all went to bed. I lay wake listenin fur cumin events. Putty sune I heard a lumberin down the chapel hill and quick snappen ov brush, and a tipa-petty-s ov a pair ov leet, sune as the open road was struck, above the new barn, on a wind-burnin stretch, till a leap over the garden fence and few running jumps and these foot steps bounded into the piazzer; and a chokin voice that I reconized as poor Roberts, sung out, "Oh Polly! Polly! open the door: fu: God's sake, o: on the door! Thare is a grate big Kaliforny lyon rite arter me." He didn't wait for a perlitie answer, but in a batterin ram stile he cum aginst it with such heft, that he nocked it plum ov'n the hinges, and stove it almost thru the plank on the turther side, and he fell kerkum into the middle ov the floor; but he riz like a comitstreek, scaled the wall and straddled a jice as a last security agin the bluddy jaws ov the pursuin lyon. Ole Muther Flampitty, and his wife Polly jumped and put the door in its place and sot the big table up agin it, and then screamed out: "Robert! oh Robert! fur mury sake, it surely can't be a lyon!" "Oh! yes; but it is, kase I have heard it roar frum its own mouth, myself. For jest art we stopped at the ole doby, I hear it give a sharp openin up about Steve Reed's lower place. It then ketch it up ever wunce in a while, a headin strait on for the doby, till it cum to the big pile ov rocks jest over us, and there it roared orful and pawed around a long time, as if takin the scent ov us; then it cum on,

slidin its lubberly self down the hill, and knashin ov its teeth. Lordy, I was then skeered into three fits a minit; it now cum betwixt the ole kurrell and the house tu whur we hed thrown out the entrails ov a jack rabbit, and thar it smelt blad, and then the gee whittaker howl it did roar. Then, you bet, rite thar, me and Chowchitty got out'n that ole doby shell 'thout axin any q: estans; and jest by fairly burnin the very wind, I've made the stretch frum its bluddy jaws; and as for Chowchitty he eudent fan the chapel brush along with me; I know the "rual varmit hev nabbed him up in the fast stroches ov the rase!" All the while I lay like I wus sound asleep, and kep stuffin the bed close in my mouth to keep frum spilin the joak, and jest as ole Mother Flampitty rited up the lireard-knot fire in a full blaze, I cud see the blud tricklin in runnin streaks down Robert's bare, lasserated legs in a puddle on the floor, and he looked as pale as a cloth, when Polly screamed out: "Robert! on Robert! cum down outer thar; you're gwine to fante." Rite then I herd suthin drap, and poor Robert lay a helpless mess on the floor; a few goard-fulls of cold water thrown into his face brot him tu, however. We put him in bed, and I rubbed his chaparral scratches well with cow-fute ile, and in a day or tu he was so as tu be about. By that time the joak leaked out, and, soar as he is yit, if yu wud say tu him, "Gee whittaker, how it did roar!" you'd get tu fites on your hands a minit. Several days arterwards Chowchitty was seen mopin and limpin round the rancheria like a ticked-up turkey in the snow. He says, "Robbee no like lion holler—no mucho bravo—he sabs more run, jump bush all same like antelope." The war-hoop here now hev died away very ded, and the Injuns, and everybudd, now sleep without eny further botherment, cept Robert Shakedp-dler and Capt. Chowchitty, whose wounds and bruises we hope time will heel.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
THE SONG OF THE RHINE.—We have received a copy of this German song and music, lately made famous from the fact of its being used as a rallying war song by the patriotic people of the Fatherland, from the publisher, Mr. Gray, Nos. 621 and 623, Clay street, San Francisco. The price is 40 cents.

MR. ANDREW JOHNSON, of Coates Gold Gulch, has our thanks for some fine figs and luscious peaches left at this office.

BORN.

At Fort Miller, near Millerton, Sept. 10th, the wife of James Thornton of a son.

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At Jones Ferry, Sept. 10th, the wife of James Miller of a son.

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PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

MR. FRANK DUSY

Would respectfully announce to the people of Big Dry Creek and vicinity, that he has opened a photographic gallery at the ranch of Mr. J. N. Music, where he intends to remain three or four weeks. All wanting work done in his line are cordially invited to call and examine his samples. He is a first-class artist, and proposes to give perfect satisfaction, or no pay. Particular attention will be paid to the new style of picture known as

THE SUN PEARL.

September 7th, 1870. 3w

ATTENTION, SHOEMAKERS!!

A shoemaker's shop and tool, complete, for carrying on business, will be sold cheap, as the present proprietor is obliged to quit business on account of ill-health. It is situated at Millerton, Fresno county—the center of a growing and prosperous community—and is the only shop in this section. It is a good opening for a man of small means, who understands the business. Apply at this office or to J. SEPH SAYRE, Millerton Cal., Aug. 29th, 1870.

THE TENTH

ANNUAL FAIR

—OF THE—

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY!

WILL BE HELD IN THE

CITY OF STOCKTON!

COMMENCING ON

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER, 20, 1870,

AND CONTINUING UNTIL

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1870.

Liberal PREMIUMS have been offered in every Department of Industry, for full particulars of which, reference is made to the large bills, or posters, published by the Society, which will be distributed throughout the entire District. Particular attention is directed to the

SPECIAL PREMIUMS

Offered by citizens of the city engaged in different lines of business. The Premiums amount in the aggregate to over

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The Race Track and Fair Grounds.

New stalls have been built and ample accommodation provided for Stock. The Track is in splendid condition and from the Liberal Premiums offered the trial of speed will, without doubt, be unusually attractive.

THE GRAND ANNUAL BALL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Friday Evening, September 23d, 70

Address:

J. K. DOAK, President.

H. T. COMPTON, Secretary.

T. K. HOOK, Treasurer.

Stockton

as34td

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THE GRAND ANNUAL BALL

The Fresno Expositor

Listening Angels.

Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earthward
Leant upon the hill.

Listening, leant those silent angels,
And I, also, longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
This could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets
And the war-like march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echo
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a winter clamor:
Force and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then as daylight slowly vanished
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly, from distant voices,
Rose a vespere hymn.

But the chant was done, and lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels,
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her early nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the story might be coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain tops the angels
Slowly passed away.

[—Charles Dickens.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Sir," said a boy addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?" "No," answered the man, "I have no such wants." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find." "Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do to it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman, who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor; and the doctor thought that any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy in his employ and found him all that he desired.

Yes! God has something for everybody to do in this world. It is a big world and there is room enough for all.

A LADY had taken a little homeless girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who was not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home if she could find a good place.

"No, mother," answered the child, "you won't have to send me away; God will give you something so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the little girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother. I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There, mother," said the child, "I asked him and I knew he would."

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILROAD.—A gentleman likely to be especially well informed in the matter, says the Mariposa Gazette, writes to a citizen of this place as follows concerning the railroad now being built up the San Joaquin valley: "The railroad will be built one hundred miles from Stockton before the rainy season. They are now working on the Stanislaus river bridge with a force of three hundred men—this is Stanford & Co., and the road will be on this side of the San Joaquin river."

A MAN with four wives was brought before Hans Swarthart, a Mohawk Justice, for commitment on charge of bigamy. "Four wives!" exclaimed the astonished Hans; "four wives! Dat was a most hincious crime! Discharge him at once!" "Why," protested the prosecutor, "why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I explain. Off he life mit four wives he cot bunishment enouf. I lif mit von unt I cot too much."

The State Capital Commissioners have purchased a lot in Sacramento, at the cost of \$14,000, on which to erect a Governor's mansion, \$50,000 having been appropriated for that purpose.

HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

FEED THE FRUIT TREES.—It must be apparent to every reflecting person that the material round about a fruit tree, which renders important aid in the production of fine fruit of any kind, must necessarily be more or less exhausted after a vine, bush or tree has produced abundant crops for several successive seasons. For example: A large pear tree or apple tree will frequently yield from ten to sixteen bushels of fruit annually. Many trees have produced more than twice these quantities at one crop. After a few seasons the material that the roots must be supplied with, in order to develop fruit, will be more or less exhausted. For this reason fruit begins to fail, and the failure is often attributed to an east wind or some mysterious atmospheric influence, when in reality the sole cause is starvation, arising from an impoverished soil. The remedy is to feed the roots of all kinds of fruit trees with lime, wood ashes, chip dirt, gypsum, bones, fishes, and anything that will renovate an impoverished soil. It is evident that fruit trees cannot produce fine fruit out of nothing, or out of such material as may be desirable for some other purposes.

A NEW WAY TO DRY PEACHES.—Dr. Joseph Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, gave last season the following, and as he says, new directions for paring peaches for drying:

"Never pare peaches to dry. Let them get mellow enough to be in good eating condition, put them in boiling water for a moment or two, and the skins will come off like a charm. Let them be in the water long enough, but no longer. The gain is a great—saving of time in removing of skins, great saving of the peach—the best part saved—less time to dry them and better when dried. A whole bushel can be done in a boiler at once and then the water turned off."

TO KEEP NAILS FROM RUSTING.—When nails are used in a position in which they are greatly subjected to air and moisture, it will always pay to prepare them in such a way that they will not easily rust. This may be accomplished without any trouble by heating a quantity of nails on a shovel and throwing them while hot into a vessel containing coarse oil or melted grease. The nails should be so hot that the grease will be made to smoke freely. Cut nails prepared in this manner are improved in every respect. They are rendered tougher and will outlast any kind of wood, even though buried in the ground; while unprepared nails are completely destroyed in a very short time.

A FARMER near Marysville expects to realize from seven to eight thousand dollars for the product of seventeen acres of land upon which hops are cultivated.

UNDILUTED ENGLISH.—This is the pure undiluted English for "Jordan's a hard road to travel."

Perambulatory progression, in the pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune, cast up by the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties.

AT New Haven, a man named Halpine went to a drug store for powdered rhubarb. Owing to the sleepiness of the clerk, who was a blacksmith's apprentice, hired for the time being, he got powdered opium, and his family are now in mourning. The boy says he thought it smelled kinder different from rhubarb.

A BAR of red-hot iron went through a man's body, at Troy a few days since. He noticed it in a minute, although no one told him anything about it. He has concluded it isn't necessary to die for a little thing of that nature. He says it went through him first-rate, but he pretends some more mild catastrophe.

A PREACHER of Washburn, Wisconsin, has been discharged for being personal to his hearers. He said: "If you should take a barrel and fill it with the Holy Ghost, and another and fill it with whiskey, and call this congregation up and let you take your choice, the whiskey would be gone first."

A DISPATCH dated Denver September 3, says: The Santa Fe Post says that the last Tucson mail coach was captured and burned by Indians west of Fort Bowie. Arizona Jack Collins, conductor, his driver, and two soldiers composing his escort, were killed.

WELLS, Fargo & Co., shipped from Virginia City on September 3d 54 bars of bullion, valued at \$138,625 71—one of the largest shipments ever made from Virginia.

A YANKEE girl whose wooing and winning by a Nevada man had been accomplished by mail, rejected him on his appearance, because he was "such a little spud of a fellow."

THE WICKED FLOURISH.—Twelve hundred dollars was the bill of one Boston florist, employed to furnish flowers for the Ames-Butler wedding.

The first shipment of wheat and flour overland to New York, was made last week from Sacramento, of 100 tons.

THE ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINES

WARRANTED THE BEST.

THE Elliptic Sewing Machines are manufactured and warranted by the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company. The late and important improvements enable us to guarantee to every purchaser that the Elliptic Machine will do more work, better work, and a greater variety of work than any other Sewing Machine now in use. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible, with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. By it, the making of garments is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes, as the following table will show:

	By MACHINE.	By HAND.
	Hours. Min.	Hours. Min.
Gentleman's Fine Shirt.....	1 16	15 36
Fine Coat.....	2 28	15 35
Silk Vest.....	1 14	7 19
Cloth Trousers.....	0 51	5 10
Silk Dress.....	1 13	8 27
Merino Dress.....	1 4	8 27
Calico Dress.....	0 57	6 37
Chemise.....	1 10	10 31
Night Dress.....	1 7	10 12
Muslin Skirt.....	0 30	7 10
Muslin Skirt, 15 tucks.....	2 30	22 10
Infant's Plain Robe.....	0 35	3 5
Infant's robe 50 plaits.....	2 35	41 50
Plain Drawers.....	0 35	4 16
Quilting 8 1/2 Skirt.....	1 30	50 20
Stitching 15 linen collars.....	0 40	10 15
Stitching 12 linen cuffs.....	0 40	10 15
Stitching 12 shirt fronts.....	1 20	23 20
Hemming 12 handkerchiefs.....	0 45	8 10
Boy's Pants.....	1 40	2 50
Boy's Vest.....	0 35	2 50
Boy's Coat.....	1 15	7 20

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Paris Exposition Universelle, 1867.

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MACHINES IN USE.

Notwithstanding their great superiority, they are sold at prices as low as other first-class Machines.

A Medallion likeness of Mr. Howe is imbedded in the plates of every Howe Machine, without which none are genuine. Every purchaser of a Sewing Machine, should inquire for

Elias Howe, Jr.'s Sewing Machines,

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to his numerous patrons for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilis, in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the various consequences of self-abuse, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc., etc., and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to ensure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity, from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentle treatment and implicit security.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular powers, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulty, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, ginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, neuralgia, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. Doherty, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and diseases. Let her false delicacy prevent her, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married Ladies, whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at Dr. W. K. Doherty's Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctor's office are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred and confidential.

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